

CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

VOL. 2.

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—JESUS CHRIST.

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CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHRISTIAN.

The character of a christian may be considered under two general heads. First, his deportment and conduct towards his fellow-creatures. And, secondly, that reverence and humility which becomes a creature towards his Creator. His first great aim is to bear a fair moral character. In this, is embraced every virtue that will render his fellow-creatures more wise and more happy. Benevolence, justice and truth will be predominant virtues in his character. He will love the whole human race, from a consciousness that "God is our common father and we all are brethren;" he would sympathize with every species of human misery. His benevolent creed will not be confined to his own immediate circle, his own religious sect, his own particular neighbourhood, but will be extensive as creation and will embrace in his affections the whole family of man. He will regard with an eye of sympathy and affection even the unhappy wanderer from the path of duty and moral rectitude. Perhaps vice and immorality and crime are attached to his character, yet he will not by a mistaken interpretation of the spirit of christianity, exclude him from the pale of christian charity. No, the thought would immediately arise within him, am not I a sinner? have not I transgressed the holy commands of God? "hath not God concluded all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all?" Then, we are all upon one promiscuous level, how disgusting and mortifying this to human pride. But the language of the christian will be, it is thy prerogative, O God, to punish thy erring, thy sinful creatures, but it is my duty to commiserate and relieve their distresses, my duty to reclaim their wandering steps from sin and error, and allure them to the path of duty and happiness. If christians were more disposed to extend the mantle of charity and love over their fellow-beings, who have degraded themselves by their vices and shew less of the rigid practices of Pharisaical morality, would it not lessen the aggregate of human misery and sin? I do humbly believe that in consequence of so much severity exercised towards our frail, sinful fellow-beings, that evil has been rather increased than diminished, and if ever sin and misery is to be lessened in this our world, it will be by mutual forgiveness and charity.

His deportment in the world will be free from ostentation and spiritual pride, his conversation will not partake of ribaldry, his disposition will be open and affable. If he sees his fellow-creatures in adversity, he will relieve their necessities, as far as

is in his power; if in affliction, he will comfort their minds by pouring the wine and oil of consolation into their wounded bosoms. These virtues constitute the character of a christian. Adorned with these he will shine like the refulgent sun and display to the world that the excellencies of his character are not to be found in his worldly wealth and honours, but in the reflection of the rectitude and serenity of a well-spent life, that soars above the transient vanities of this world. And when all terrestrial objects are closed upon his view, his immortal spirit will be wafted to the regions of eternal rest. It will be the grand aim of the christian to live in peace with all men, it is this heaven-born principle which produces in his mind the noblest unctions of the soul. He may have enemies who will endeavour to injure his good name—he may have slanderers who will calumniate his character; but their darts will fall harmless at his feet. "They are sparks, says an eminent author, which if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves." "The surest remedy against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well doing, and by praying to God that he would cure the disordered minds of those who injure and traduce us."

Many are the afflictions and trials that await his creatures through the journey of this world. The spirit of persecution and evil-speaking may be levelled against him, for assuming his right of thinking for himself in matters of faith; he considers religion an affair between himself and his Creator. And, if he should be so unfortunate, as to differ from the cobweb systems of the day, which are but spurious trifles in themselves, at best, but cold and impotent applications to the bleeding heart, and in their place substitute the doctrine of free and sovereign grace, in the salvation of our race by our Lord Jesus Christ, the cry of heresy and licentiousness will be reiterated from the house tops. Touch their hearts, thou gracious Father of the Universe, with a sense of thy justice and cause them to feel the enormity of their offences. Would they calumniate the character of those, who may differ from them, and cast their names out as evil, if the example of Christ, like its gracious and benevolent author, were predominant principles in their minds? Would not that religion teach them humility, and inform them that they, as well as the whole human family, are equally dependent upon the free and unmerited grace of God? If these principles were fully believed by all christians, this intolerant spirit would be forever at rest.—Though man has fallen from his primeval state of dignity and purity, yet he has been restored at an infinite price, at no less a price than the death of him, who emphatically is the Saviour of the world. If we all believed this, would not all christians from principle as well as interest, "learn to do unto others as we would wish they should do unto us." If they believed that "God was good to all, and his tender mercies were over all his works," and beholds all his children with an impartial eye of complacency;—

would they sit in judgment and fulminate their anathemas against those who do not agree with them in all points of religion? would they consign their fellow-creatures to an eternal state of torment, and even the poor, ignorant, benighted heathen, who are given to Christ as his possession, or doom them to the same unhappy state. But thanks be to God, that the Lord of heaven and earth omnipotent reigneth—that we are not dependant upon an arm of flesh, whose breath is in his nostrils—but upon that Almighty Being who considers our weakness and knoweth that we are dust. Finally, the Christian, in his walk through life will endeavour to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man, enjoying a consciousness of his prompt endeavours to be upright, and humbly trusting in the goodness of God, every duty in life becomes pleasant and agreeable to him. He looks forward, not to the praises of man, but to the approbation of that Being who has promised to extend his salvation to the utmost bounds of the habitable globe.

A.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

PERSECUTION.

Persecution has been the common lot of all denominations, in their first establishment, since the creation of the world. Christ and his apostles were called to encounter the most determined opposition, to suffer the loss of all things, even the loss of their lives. Language is inadequate to describe the sufferings which each denomination has been called to experience, as it arose. Each has been proscribed, censured, and persecuted, by those who could not accede to the truth of their doctrine. The inquisitorial court has been founded; the rack and torture, and the *auto da fe* invented.

When the celebrated Wickliff, Doctor and Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, a man of enterprising genius, and extraordinary learning, presumed to attack the jurisdiction of the pope, and the bishops, and to declare that penance had no sort of merit in the sight of God, unless followed with a reformed life, and that external confessions were not necessary to salvation; who presumed to exclaim against indulgences, prayers to the saints, the celibacy of the clergy, the doctrine of transubstantiation, monastic vows, &c. a flood of persecution was poured in upon him: And after the venerable sire had departed, and his remains were deposited in the noiseless and rayless receptacle of the dead, the sacred repository was violated, and the bones of a Wickliff were taken from the silent shade of the grave and consigned to the flames.

When the immortal Luther, the celebrated Reformer, who possessed an invincible magnanimity, and an uncommon vigor and acuteness of genius, having taken a distaste at the indulgences, which were granted in 1517, by Pope Leo 10, to those who contributed towards finishing St. Peter's Church at

Rome; those famous indulgences, which administered remission of all sins, past, present, and to come, however enormous their nature, to all those who were rich enough to purchase them—I say, when this illustrious character presumed to raise his warning voice, and expose the doctrine of indulgences, and to question the infallibility of his Holiness, anathemas in torrents rolled from every quarter, and the thunders of persecution, peal after peal, assailed him on every side.

When Michael Servetus presumed to differ in opinion from John Calvin, and publicly to avow his sentiments: and who boldly maintained that no man ought to be prosecuted, like a criminal, for any doctrinal point, he was taken by the rude hands of Calvin, and consigned to a slow fire made of green withes, to render his sufferings more poignant; in which situation, this unhappy man expired.

Oh! the heart of him that devoted this wretched victim to sheets of flame, must have been a stranger to God and religion; as hard as adamant; as unfeeling as a block of marble; as cruel as the grave.

When the Dissenters seceded from the Church of England, they were at once enveloped in a flood of persecution; refused that assistance which true charity and christian benevolence would not refuse, and were driven to distant and inhospitable climes. On the very shores on which we now stand, they sought an asylum from the ravages of bloody persecution. But—no sooner was the religion which they had established, called in question, than, as though the persecutions they had endured were entirely forgotten, they became outrageous at the idea, and vomited forth flames of persecution, ten fold more dreadful than that from which they had escaped! A Roger Williams, and his associates, are banished, and compelled in the unpleasant season of winter, to seek refuge in a neighbouring state, then a wilderness, and uninhabited, but by the uncivilized aborigines; and the earth is crimsoned with the blood of Baptists and Quakers. Such was the persecuting spirit of those whom we have been taught to call the pious ancestors of New-England!

When the sainted Murry presumed to raise his warning voice against the doctrine of endless misery, and to question the infallibility of orthodoxy—when he refused to worship the image, which the wisdom of this world had set up; when he fearlessly presumed to preach Christ as the Saviour of all men; anathemas were thundered from almost every pulpit in America; persecution rolled in torrents, the finger of scorn was pointed, abuse and contumely were dealt out by wholesale; he was, indeed, “made a gazing stock, both by reproaches and afflictions.” It is true, and God be praised, that modern persecutors do not possess that civil power, with which their predecessors were invested, which would be productive of former scenes of cruelty; they cannot now sacrifice upon the wheel of torture, thrust men, women and children down the precipice, nor roast in glowing flames; yet they can, and do show in every feature, and portend in every look, what they would do had they the power.

The character of persecutors has been much the same, in all ages of the world; and what that char-

acter is, may be learnt, from those who persecuted Christ and his apostles. They were the self-righteous Pharisees. Brethren of the Abrahamic faith, by whom are you persecuted, but by modern Pharisees, who think themselves righteous and despise others? By whom are you reproached but by those, who think that it becomes such holy people as themselves, to stand aloof from the ungodly world; and who, therefore, address you in action, if not in word, in the following manner: “Stand by thyself, come not near me; for I am holier than thou?” By whom are you proscribed as infidels, but by those who make sad their countenances, disfigure their faces, bow down their backs, and afflict their souls? who pray long and frequently, when men can hear them, after this manner—“God, we thank thee, that we are not like other people?” who murmur when we preach, that those whom they think not so deserving as themselves, will cordially be received into heaven? You are persecuted by those, who, according to their own account, are better than others, for the following reasons, viz:—They belong to the church—attend conference meetings—fast, if not thrice a week, once a year, which is oftener than their wicked neighbours fast—they pay tithes of all they possess, or what amounts to pretty much the same, contribute liberally, both rags and money, to the support of foreign missions: and they might add with propriety, we are scrupulous in observing almost all the traditions which have been borrowed and handed down from heathen mythology, from time immemorial.

Z. F.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE.

SOLILOQUY OF A DYING UNIVERSALIST.

Fell disease of wasting consumption hath now almost ended its feast upon my flesh, and here I am, little more than a bare skeleton, numbering the last moments of this world's fleeting time. My languid pulse beats faint and solemn time to the march of death, which makes a dread approach to the last entrenchment of life, my heart. My quickened breath has already struck up the rattling alarm for the retreat of the soul, with speedy march from its last strong hold, now to be abandoned to the victor death. My eyes, methinks, must, in a few moments more, be fixed and glazed—My tongue performs no longer its accustomed office;—I strive in vain to speak. Now will I take a last look of my weeping companion, my children, and those friends who seem to watch me with such dreadful silence and sorrowful anxiety. Lo, here comes one to wet once more my parched lips—How kind! I have looked, my sight grows strangely dim; I can behold them no longer. But surely all has not failed me; my reason is yet strong and clear—I can think as easy and regularly as ever—Surely my soul yet lives! strong, active and rational—How strange! these are my last earthly moments, death bends his invincible bow, for the last discharge armed with his sharpest arrow. Stop, only let me think once more on what I have been so often told; my doctrine would surely fail me in this eventful crisis—It would be my torment in this closing scene of life—’Tis false! O, how false! How deceived are those who think so!

How heavenly, how divine it now appears! Ten thousand times more glorious than in my healthiest day. O, how blessed now, to believe without a doubt—How consoling! that “God is love—Love worketh no ill.” His grace is all-sufficient for a world—His salvation is impartial, boundless, infinite! The blessed Lamb of God taketh away the sin of the world! He is the friend of the lost and friendless; he is the Saviour of the world. Yonder, now I see him with new, spiritual sight, brighter than ten thousand suns! O, what a dazzling rainbow bends over his head. Let me read those blazing capitals inscribed on the beauteous arch—What are the words? they are—“*The only begotten son of infinite love, the destroyer of sin and misery, the conqueror of death, the Redeemer of men, the Saviour of the world: Ye hosts of heaven and earth, bow the knee before Him and confess Him Lord to the glory of God the Father.*” Now will I say glory to God in the highest: blessed and praised be the Lord Jesus Christ, God's well beloved Son. Now let Heathens, Pagans, Mahometans and Pagan christians, with all their fulminating priests, talk of endless hells and foam out horrible descriptions of their burning flames; tormenting racks, and fiery scorching plagues, ever-during woes, and pains to know no end, or intermission! Let them glory, while these half-exhausted beings tell of the blasphemous wailings of millions, created only to endure ceaseless torments! and bitter curses, wasteless as the days of vast eternity; inflicted by him who made them for his own sport,—and to keep alive the joys of a favoured few—!!! ’Tis nought to me, but base, abominable and horrible delusion! slanderous to my God; the God of love, the God of all! Tormenting to all God-like souls. I view it with ten fold greater hatred and disgust in this last moment, than ever since I heard that such doctrine was believed. How can those poor, deluded souls imagine such horror-fraught belief; such monstrous views of God, would sweeten my last bitter draught, and be preferred to my heavenly faith and hope! Think they it would ease my pains and give me peace and joy, to think these bed-side friends, now kindly performing the last offices of my dying state, are candidates for weltering in eternal pains? O, hateful, detestable!! must I believe my friends, now weeping as they see me gasp in death, a momentary pain, are to be consigned to the endurance of far greater pains, eternally; that I myself may die in peace! Begone foul theme—rise in my thoughts thou bright and blissful hope of meeting them again, in scenes of heavenly life, immortal glory and eternal joys! O that I could summon those *deluded* people to my presence and audibly speak forth to them my thoughts and feelings, and bear witness that I die in the full and joyful belief of all I have professed.—But nay, I'm not permitted—I am forbid! Awhile, they must remain deceived and miserably deluded with poisonous error. But ere long, I shall behold them with a saved world, enjoying in fruition with holiness of soul and knowledge of the truth, the blessedness of endless life and joy; in which all-glorious faith, my joyful confidence so long has rested, and blissful hope remained, now more blissful than when I first embraced it!—’Tis blessed to die with

my consoling faith—Now Lord let me depart in peace—I have believed, and I rejoice in thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people—But stop, my soul! my thoughts! Hark! I begin to peep through the half-opened gates of my prison-house—How bright! how fair! how blessed yonder scene; how shining yonder thousands, walking in white! What heavenly songs! I hear one say, welcome, welcome, that coming new-born angel! welcome him from the opening gates of his dungeon—he lingers there! The sons of the morning, melodious cry, ALL HAIL! ALL HAIL! There! the last arrow of death has struck me—I go in peace! I rise, I soar! Attendant angels by my side—How changed! I am lighter than air! clearer than crystal, bright as a star! Earth, adieu—Men, farewell—the music of heaven enraptures my soul! NIDA.

SELECTIONS.

FROM THE CANDID EXAMINER.

The following questions were proposed by our highly respected Br. Amos Crandal. We submit them to the inspection of our readers, and should be highly gratified if some friend would furnish us with consistent answers.

They are certainly important, and should be carefully canvassed by the abettors of endless misery, before they spurn away every evidence that their *dreadful doctrine* is false, and that the *glorious doctrine of universal salvation* is true.

1st. Is not that being possessed of a malignant disposition, who takes pleasure in inflicting misery?

2d. If a being who takes pleasure in inflicting misery, is not a malignant being; must not one who takes pleasure in conferring happiness, be deserving of that character?

3d. If God designed a portion of his creatures for endless misery, must he not take pleasure in accomplishing his own design?

4th. If God had a design in the creation of man, what was it? If he had not, for what was man made?

5th. If God knew, at the time when he gave man existence, all the consequences that would result from his creation; did he wish, will, or design, that the final estate of man should be what he knew it would be? Or that it should be what he knew it would not be?

6th. If God did not know, at the time when he made man, what would be the final result, is he not dependent on man (at least) for that portion of his knowledge? And will he not continue to progress in knowledge, as long as man shall continue to manifest new specimens of his conduct?

7th. If the last proposition be admitted, is it not evident, that the Almighty was peculiarly unfortunate in the creation of man? Has he not, thereby, laid himself under the disagreeable necessity of eternally suffering, or permitting that which is contrary to his will; and which is to him a displeasure? Or, does he will contrary to himself, and is he pleased with that, in which he *hath no pleasure*?

8th. If it be the will of God, that all men shall be saved; will he not do his own will, if he possess the power?

9th. If God has bestowed on man an agency, or power, which will enable him to prevent his Maker from doing his own will, and occasion eternal displeasure; was it an act of wisdom in God, and is he still Almighty?

10th. If it is the will of God that many of the human family shall be endlessly miserable, are not wicked men and devils earnestly engaged in doing his will? And is not the will of God, and the will of the Devil, (according to orthodoxy) in perfect union?

11th. If God possesses the power to save all mankind from sin and misery, and has not the good will, is he not malignant?

12th. If he possess the will to save all men, and does not eventually accomplish his own good will; must he not be impotent?

13th. If he possess both the will and the power to save all men, what will prevent it?

14th. If it be not the will of God to save all mankind, is it not blasphemous for Christians to pray for the salvation of all; when in order to grant their request, he must do contrary to his own will? If it is not right for Christians to pray in this manner, why are we commanded to pray for all men? Why should we pray for our enemies? And why did Christ pray for his?

15th. If it be the will of God to save all men, and he does not possess the power, do not Christians grossly insult him, by praying and soliciting him to pardon their enemies, and extend salvation to all men, which he desires to accomplish, but is not able?

16th. If Christians desire the salvation of all men, from what spirit do they derive it, from God or from the Devil? If from God, why not acknowledge that he possesses as kind a disposition as themselves? If from the Devil, why do they represent him as an enemy to the happiness of mankind?

FROM THE NEW-YORK SPECTATOR.

DAVIDITES.

About thirty-six miles from York, Upper Canada, there is a singular sect of people, called "DAVIDITES," or the "CHILDREN OF PEACE."—Their founder and present leader, is David Wilson. He was formerly a member of the Society of Friends, as were many of his followers. They emigrated from the state of Pennsylvania, about twenty-five years ago, and they have now a society of from one hundred and eighty, to two hundred. They reside in families and close to each other, forming a community something like the Shakers. Although called the Children of Peace, David has fifty of them completely armed, and I understand a part of their worship consists of military display. They have recently commenced the building of a Temple, which like that of Solomon, is to be seven years in building. The frame is sixty feet square, and was prepared at a distance, and brought and put together without "the sound of a hammer or an axe being heard." It is to be ornamented within and without, and although it will be costly, yet the treasury of David will not admit of the splendor which was displayed by Solomon. The building is to be three stories high, with a steeple. From the base to the top of the first story is seventy feet, and when that was

completed, twenty-four females ascended, and sung an evening anthem just as the sun was sinking in the west. They have a small place of worship, in which there is a good organ. They go in procession to their place of worship, the females taking the lead, being preceded by banners, and two of their number playing on the lute.—They have two Nunneries for females; one for those of the age of eight and under sixteen, and the other for those above sixteen. These singular people occupy a rich tract of country, about five miles in length by two in breadth. They use the plain language, but I have not been able to ascertain what are their peculiar doctrines; they do not object to take the ordinary oath in courts of justice. On the Sabbath that I spent at York, they were to hold a "Love-Feast," and many went out, to be present. It is not like the Love-Feast of the Moravians and Methodists, where bread and water are only made use of, but they partake of the best which the country affords.

ATTEMPTS TO CONVERT THE NATIVES OF THE EAST TO CHRISTIANITY.

Thirty years have already elapsed since Protestant Missionaries have been numerous throughout India. During that interval, they have circulated in the country upwards of a million of Bibles; and after thirty years uninterrupted labor, they reckon according to the acknowledgment of their own advocate, only 1000 proselytes! And even these are mere abortions, the greater part of which perish by apostacy. About two years before my departure from India, the Protestant Missionaries of Serampore found themselves under the necessity of discharging from their service all their new converts, whom they had employed in their printing-house. These new Christians having lost their caste by embracing Christianity, and finding themselves destitute, presented a memorial to Dr. Middleton, the bishop of Calcutta, explaining to him, that when the Missionaries induced them to become Christians, they had promised to supply them with the means of existence.—The missionaries alleged, in their justification, that they had been compelled to act in this manner, because these wretches, after their conversion to Christianity, had become so *vicious*, and especially so intemperate, that they feared lest the sight of the daily and scandalous excesses committed by them should pervert the whole of their Pagan workmen.

Oriental Herald.

History presents us with numberless instances, in which the success or the failure of great enterprises has depended, not altogether on the ability, but partly on the temper of him who conducted it. The importance of conciliatory and engaging manners is no where more strikingly illustrated than by the opposite conduct and different success of two famous Athenian generals. Plutarch observes, that though Pericles and Nicias both pursued the same end, the former, in the progress of his purpose, always won the people by his kind and insinuating address; while the latter, not employing the mild powers of persuasion, exasperated instead of winning them over, and thus commonly failed in his enterprise.

THE ORIGIN OF WHITSUNTIDE.

The leisure days after seed time had been chosen by our Saxon ancestors for folk-motes, or conventions of the people. It was not till after the Norman conquest, that the Pagan festival of Whitsuntide fully melted into the Christian holiday of Pentecost. The original name is *Whittentide*, the time of choosing the *wits*, or wise men, to the *Wittenogemote*. It was consecrated to Hertha, the goddess of peace and fertility; and no quarrels might be maintained, no blood shed, during this truce of the goddess. Each village, in the absence of the Baron at the assembly of the nation, engaged a kind of Saturnalia. The vassals met upon the common green around the maypole, when they elected a village lord, or king, as he was called, who chose his queen. He wore an oak-leaf and she a hawthorn wreath; and together they gave laws to the rustics' sports during these sweet days of freedom. The maypole then is the English tree of liberty.

The following maxims, or rules of action, if strictly observed, go far to increase the happiness, or at least, to diminish the inquietudes and miseries of life:

Live constantly in the unshaken belief of the overruling Providence of an infinitely wise and good as well as Almighty Being, and prize his favour above all things.

Observe, inviolably, truth in your words, and integrity in your actions.

Accustom yourself to temperance, and be master of your passions.

Be not too much out of humour with the world; but remember, it is a world of God's creating, and however sadly it is marred by wickedness and folly, yet you have found in it more comforts than calamities, more instances of kindness to you than of cruelty.

Try to spend your time usefully, both to yourself and others.

Never make an enemy, or lose a friend, unnecessarily.

Cultivate such an habitual cheerfulness of mind and evenness of temper, as not to be ruffled by trivial inconvenience and crosses.

Be ready to heal breaches in friendship, and to make up differences, and shun litigation yourself as much as possible—for he is an ill calculator who does not perceive that one amicable settlement is better than two lawsuits.

Be it rather your ambition to acquit yourself well in your proper station, than to rise above it.

ECONOMY IN SERMONIZING.

A certain clergyman, who had received an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend in the country, found, to his great astonishment, he had brought but one sermon with him. The distance was too great to send for another, as he did not discover the neglect until the second Sunday morning, of course it was then in vain to attempt composing a new one. He therefore ascended the pulpit with the usual dignity, and before he gave out his text thus addressed his auditors: 'Having been informed, the sermon I

preached last Sunday was judged exceptionable by some very respectable inhabitants, I think it my duty to show that they misinterpreted my doctrine, by repeating it word for word. I beg your most serious attention.'

FROM THE GOSPEL HERALD.

The following communication in verse, is from the pen of a lady, recently a member of a Presbyterian Church in Pleasant Valley; but now a firm believer in God's impartial goodness. The sentiments avowed, and the sensations expressed in this poetical effusion, will readily be recognised with a kindred spirit by numbers, who have passed the stormy sea of orthodoxy, and found rest to their souls in the haven of truth.

CONVERSION.

The following lines were composed while confined to a sick bed last winter; they were the effusions of a mind at peace. The first stanzas refer to the gloom my mind had endured, a considerable part of the time or several years; but for that very gloom, I have reason to adore a faithful Creator, and to say, with the Psalmist, "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word."

Long o'er temptation's boist'rous seas,
My sad, my gloomy mind was toss'd;
A mind enfeebled by disease,
Each earthly hope and prospect lost.
Dark waves of unbelief oppress'd,
Hoarse blasts of terror round me blew
By night dread visions broke my rest,
By day my bread like ashes grew.

The heavens were veil'd in shades of wo,
Red lightnings pierc'd the stormy deep:
Did tears relieve my spirit? No!

My brain was dry, I could not weep.
My woe-worn mind refus'd relief,
And o'er the fearful surges drove;
But boundless mercy saw my grief,
And whisper'd, sweetly, God is love.

Amazed I stood, the storm was hush'd—
Blest light broke in on ev'ry side;
The demons of despair were crush'd,
And o'er smooth seas I seem'd to glide.
Before unbounded Love I knelt,
No more in doubt and fear to rove,
I felt my wearied spirit melt
Into the ocean of that love.

Dear Father, look with kind regard,
Thy erring child forgive and own,
Who view'd thee as a master hard,
As reaping where thou hadst not sown.
Now let me sing restoring grace,
The talent thou hast lent improve,
Lead those that mourn to seek thy face,
And learn with me that God is love.

My soul enlarged, and free indeed,
In faith triumphing, looks abroad;
Beholds a world from bondage freed,
And sin, and pain, and death destroy'd:
With joy extatic hails the Son,
Who came the Father's grace to prove;

That all in him at length made one,
Might join the chorus—God is love.

I hope to spend my latest breath

Adoring him that's strong to save;
Exclaiming, Where's thy sting, O death!

And, Where's thy victory, vanquish'd grave!
Break forth, ye hills, in ceaseless songs,
Let sweetest anthems fill each grove,
And earth, with her unnumber'd tongues,
Repeat the theme that God is love! M. W.

FEMALE NEATNESS AND TASTE.

In a female, particularly, they well deserve the name of virtues; for without them, whatever may be her excellencies, she has none that will be honoured and acknowledged. A woman may be industrious and economical; she may possess a well cultivated mind; but destitute of neatness and taste, she depresses rather than elevates the character of her sex, and poisons, instead of purifying the fountain of domestic and public happiness.

We are happy to acknowledge another communication from SENEX, and shall give it an early insertion. The well-written favours of PARACLETE, A. and C. H. will find a place soon.

The interesting Letters from Dedham (Mass.) will be inserted as soon as convenience will permit.

N. B.—The pressing engagements of the Editor render a postponement of the Review of Mr. Fisk's last number, unavoidable for the present week, and may possibly prevent its appearance earlier than the 18th No.

MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Dr. Robert D. Hemenway, of Shrewsbury, to Miss Eliza Jackson, daughter of Major Samuel Jackson, of this town.

On Monday evening, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. John W. Dexter, of Charlton, Mass. to Miss Hannah R. Henry, of this town.

On Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Enos H. Weeden, to Miss Rebecca W. Pettey, all of this town.

In Cumberland, on the 9th inst. by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Richard Ellis, of Attleborough, Mass. to Miss Nancy Shepersen, of the former place.

In Taunton, 6th inst. Mr. Ebenezer Gooding, of Wellington, to Miss Betsey Anthony.

DIED,

In this town, on the 10th inst. Miss Clarissa Richmond, eldest daughter of William Richmond, 2d, aged 30 years.

Same evening, Mrs. Mary Comstock, wife of Captain Benj. Comstock, and daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Winsor, of Gloucester, aged 71 years.

On Monday last, Mr. Thomas A. Sweetland, eldest son of Mr. Daniel Sweetland, in his 20th year.

On Sunday last, Miss Caroline D. Field, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Field, in her 19th year.

Mr. Ephraim Miller, Pawtucket, is authorized to receive subscription money from subscribers to this paper.

For sale at this office, and by S. W. Wheeler, 110½ Westminster-Street, the First Volume of the CHRISTIAN TELESCOPE, bound.